

GM

THE

presents

Green Beret

By Janis

PICNIC

going to sleep at 4:30 in the morning, waking up at 8:00 A.M. eating no breakfast, and seeing Eric Keueger first thing isn't the best way to start off the day, nevertheless we all piled into a car and headed off. We arrived at the Student Center got into our busses and began to discuss theoretical procedures for the day. We were told that the march would be divided into two sections--Right and Left; the right being those who would participate in the march but would not try and storm the troops--the left being those who would be willing to confront the bayonettes. At the time, only about seven people decided to go left. I was not among those seven.

We came to the coffeehouse, at which time many of us were separated. Hours of rallying and singing caused much restlessness, and somewhere during that time I was caught up in an inexplicable fever--as a matter of fact, I hadn't even explained it to myself yet. At any rate English and I decided to march in the woman's section of the parade, the strategy being that horny M.P.'s would be less likely to hit girls if we were the first to confront them. Finally, we marched to the base and the girls began advancing with the boys right behind. The further in we went the more the men retreated. We began talking to them that we were with them and that they should trust us. I began talking to one G.I.--telling him that I understood why he couldn't look me in the face, because if I were pointing a gun at a 90-lb. girl, I'd be embarrassed too--at which time he looked at me, grabbed hold of his gun and swung it around me, hitting me in the kidneys. I lost all my breath and came to gasping tear gas. I began running

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On Saturday, October 11, there was a picnic at Fort Dix, involving citizens from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. First there was a march from the Fort Dix coffeehouse to the base and there happened a picnic. A four course lunch was served by the government, consisting of tear gas, M-14 rifles, bayonets, and billy clubs. All involved had a good time and there were no arrests. But alas! All good things must come to an end and so it did. Results were 375 prisoners released from the stockade and public support of the G.I.'s. Amen. *Janis*

REFLECTIONS ON BEING GASSED

Tears, skin burns, vomitting, sneezing. Never guess what happened. I got gassed. 'Twas the best thing that ever took place. Those Southern M.P.'s are really cool. They brought tears to my eyes. My first experience with gas was at Dix. Funny thing though, the Dix M.P.'s were locked up during the march because they were in support of it. Word to the wise, if you are going to Washington, bring a gas mask; or a covering for your face. Remember, an uncovered face is a gassed face. *Janis*

DIX--Jim Meehan

Many people have asked if the Ft. Dix demonstration was a success. It was as successful in every aspect as anyone could wish.

The primary goal of the march, to support the G.I. movement and their demands concerning the war in general and the Ft. Dix stockade conditions in specific, was upheld by nearly 100% of the marchers.

(con't., page 3)

by John Watts

Over three-hundred years the black man has been toiling in the rut which the white man created. Thus the will to live has come to mean a "black" victory. Victory yes, but now is the time to cease this senseless toil and false damnation. The black man has proven that he is psychologically strong, yet that is not enough. Before there can be complete freedom which is freedom of mind, the enemy must die. The enemy is all ours simply because it diseases the minds of both, black and white. For a moment let's stop so as to get a better understanding of the enemy and the part/parts that we play. I can hear you asking, "Who is the enemy; where did it come from; how does it look, why does it exist, what can I do to help rid it?" All five of those questions are so very simple, yet we complicate the hell out of them. As presented--The enemy is racism; it came from your mother's womb; ironically it looks like you; it exists to destroy you--and what can you do to help rid it--well, you can quote Eldridge Cleaver's words by shouting militantly, "Stick 'um up motherfucker--This is a holdup!!" Or you can silently walk away and die! Believe-it-or-not, however, the latter would be most rewarding to almost everyone. No one will miss you except your mammy. Your pappy could care less since he too will soon follow. Racism is a nasty word, thus it only exists within a sick society.

I find it difficult to count the times that I have heard "white" students of Livingston say "I am tired of apologizing for being white." My sympathy is with you. Why, anyway, some of my best friends are white! But to say such a statement you tell me one of two things: You are now ready to strike the enemy down; or roll over to die. Because we have too many superficial bullshitters, superwhite liberals and pseudo-black militants, the enemy has lived.

Heretofore I said the problem of racism is all our enemy. However, before anyone can be a pure racist, in America, he must have capitalist power. Consequently, from that point of perspective Black America can't possibly be racist. But racism can be expounded upon. When Rap Brown said "DIE NIGGER DIE" he didn't mean to go "ape shit". There is a thing of being too black. For centuries the white man's problem has been that he has tried to be too white, and we are now falling into the same ban/trap. I hesitated as I used the word "baq" since I don't think the white man

purposely set traps to exploit only the black man. In the past he set traps to catch all mankind so as to get individually rich, finally he caught himself. I have almost come to the conclusion that it's not so much that we, as "unified" black people, want to destroy racism, but want to be a part of that system in order to get "black" rich. We have forged too long to turn back. We must continue to realize that we have to move forward in order to get that which was seized from us in our ancestor's homeland. There are many of us who continue to play games with ourselves. We stand-up and holler "Black Power" louder than anyone else; yet we subtly whisper, "I want green power too." We are hypocrites. That too is a nasty word. We holler "down with all the honkies," yet when we get a little green power we stop. We are hypocrites. We now say "Black is Beautiful"--damn right it is--yet we only say it because this racist society says that we may say it.

Establishing a black house at Livingston was a beautiful thing, for nobody knows the need of black unity like we. Some Livingstonians, both negro and white, look at the "black house" and glare. I suggest that we let them be and imprecate intensely that they go blind. There has always been a grave tendency in man to view in contempt that which he doesn't understand. However I do have one comment to make. Don't walk in the tracks of ethnocentric whites. Don't preach black unity and do the opposite. To be sincere, you might get respect. To be black, you demand respect! I can respect a black man or white man more so if he practices racial hatred out of sincerity, than one who practices it to be in society's limelight of ignorance, for he is the one who is most likely to cause an individual to go racially astray. (Furthermore I am yet to see a man who hates, but doesn't hate himself. A man who is full of hatred can not think; it's inevitable that he will destroy himself.) By no means am I saying that we should separate ourselves totally from the white race. Those are thoughts of fools--To conquer one's enemy you must understand him (it.) Anyone who advocates total separation of the races is a fool, be that he black or white. And fools do come in different colors.

(John Watts' article will be continued in the next issue of GM.)

over to another part of the crowd, because the tear gas didn't effect me for about 20 seconds. Then a gas bomb hit my leg and exploded in my face. I'm afraid I don't remember too much after that because I lost consciousness. I do remember a man from United Press International asking me if I cared to make a statement. I told him I was pleased with the way everything turned out and to fuck the press. He thanked me and walked away. Somehow I got back to the busses, fainted again, and was taken to the hospital. After that little is important.

Last night, after I returned to Livingston I felt satisfied with myself and everyone else who was sensitive to the situation, but today, I'm sick to death of people asking me what the "white stuff" on my face is for. It's for tear gas burns, for all those who don't know as yet. I really don't see why people are so impressed by the fact that I was hit and tear gassed. It takes no special intelligence or initiative to do that. I feel we've probably just gotten the poor 38 into even more trouble, and the best way to help them is to demonstrate time and time again until we pose a real threat to Fort Dix. Otherwise, we might just as well remember the Fort Dix 38 in our prayers.

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Some, particularly a group from the Rutgers' WSA and PL based SDS, tried to disrupt the momentum and fervor of the marchers by falsely claiming that we would be fighting the G.I. movement if we attempted to march on the base in any way. Their logic seems somewhat confused, however, in that it was a decision of the G.I. leadership that an attempt should be made to enter the base. Moreover, when the majority of the people had entered and had retreated after being gassed, the people from PL screamed at the others for leading them into a trap. They suddenly forgot their wonderful sympathies for G.I.'s and cared only about themselves.

The decision had been made Saturday night, the 11th of October, by the G.I. leadership that a small number of the marchers would attempt to push onto the base. As this would be illegal, all marchers were informed of this and were asked to decide for themselves if they wished to take this risk of acting in civil disobedience against the Army. A minority approved and they were told where to gather at the end of the rally for the push.

As it turned out, the 6000 marchers, led

by a contingent of dedicated young women, came to an unguarded field on the Army base along the route of the march and spontaneously proceeded to march in the direction of the stockade. They had advanced approximately a half mile when the MPs from Ft. Meade, Md. set up a line at which everyone halted. Although the MPs were under orders not to respond, the marchers rapped to them about why they were there and how they could help. Finally, a pig colonel decided to disperse the demonstrators with gas. A few tear gas cannisters were thrown and some MPs carried tanks of gas which is a modified form of Mace. This gas is more effective than tear gas as it irritates the nose, skin, and throat as well as the eyes, and it leaves the eyes sensitive for several days afterwards.

After the marchers had retreated to the street, the marshalls, themselves suffering the effects of gas, reorganized the marchers and continued the march along the legally prescribed route. The marchers continued their their chants of 'G.I.s are our brothers', and similar slogans in the support of the MPs, who had merely been following orders from the Brass pigs of the Army. Several G.I.s were visibly affected by the sight of gas-burned and still weeping marchers, who continued to shout that they weren't angry with them because they had their orders. Only a few attempted to call the MPs pigs and they were quickly silenced by the rest of the marchers.

At the end of the march, the demonstrators gathered at the busses and cars and prepared to leave. Local service stations were particularly gracious in allowing marchers to use thier water and toilet facilities.

So that was the march. The reasons for its success are many. Primarily, it convinced the G.I.s that the Army had lied when they claimed there were thousands of students coming to beat up the G.I.s. The G.I.s saw that, even after the gassing, they have the support of not only the students, but Quakers, Vets for Peace, SDS, Black Panthers, Young Lords, and several other groups in their revolution against the Brass pigs.

Our extremely tangible result was the release of 375 prisoners from the overcrowded stockade. This occurred the evening before the march in a vain attempt by the Brass to make conditions in the stockade look less like medieval debtor's prison.

The march was an unqualified success, and it has given great moral support to the other prisoners in the stockade and tho the leaders of the G.I. movement. It was the first powerful step in the direction of destroying the super-Godlike power of the military in this country. All power to the people!

A Note on Kwame

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